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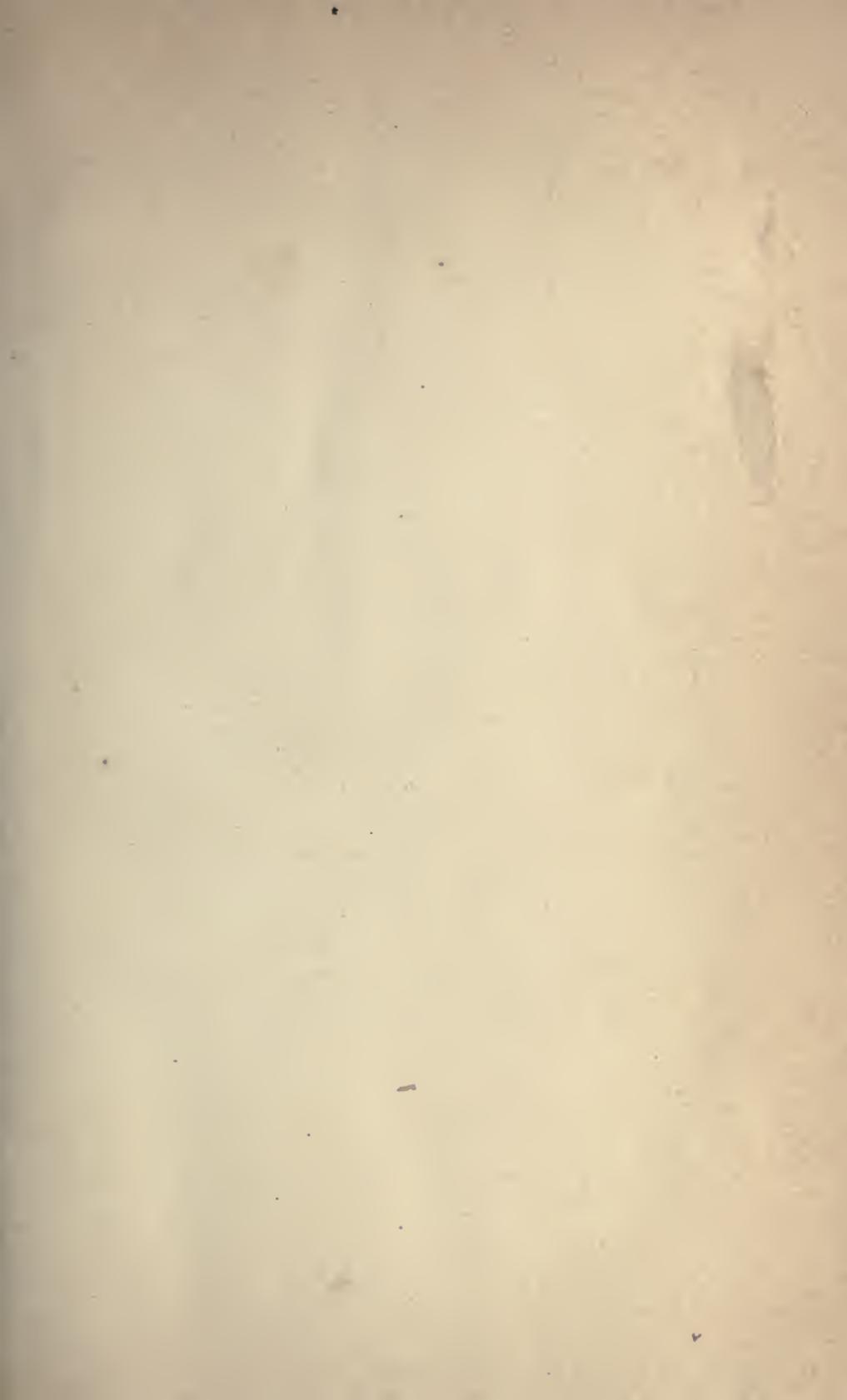
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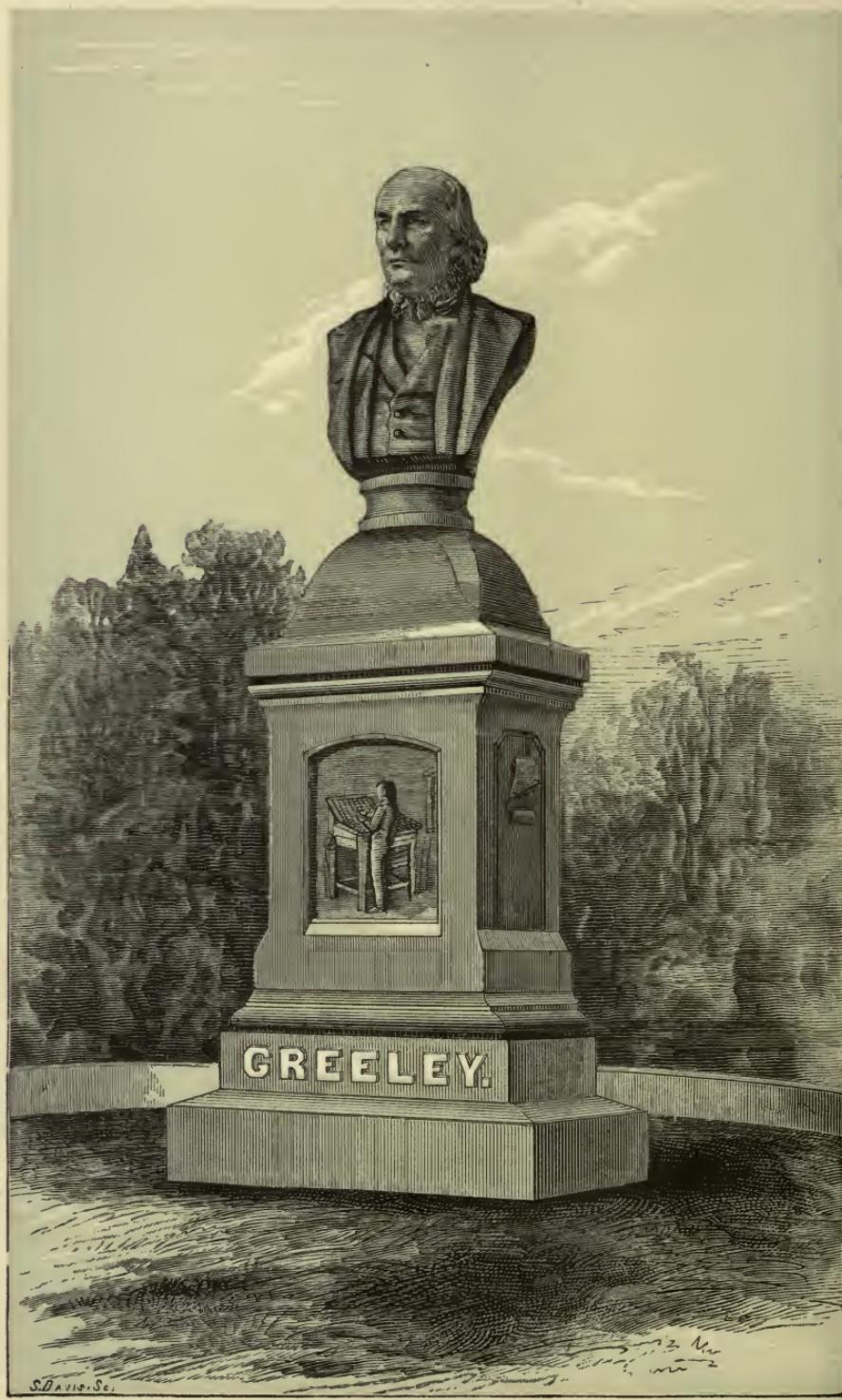
TO

Horace Greeley.

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THE

GREELEY MONUMENT

UNVEILED AT GREENWOOD,

DECEMBER 4, 1876.

NEW-YORK:

FRANCIS HART & COMPANY, 63 MURRAY STREET.

1877.

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THE GREELEY MONUMENT.

HORACE GREELEY died on the 29th of November, 1872, and his remains were placed in the family vault on Locust Hill in Greenwood Cemetery on Wednesday, December 4. During the following month the printers of New-York proposed to honor his memory with a statue to be composed of type-metal. The first action for that object was taken at a chapel meeting of the compositors employed on The Tribune, held on Thursday, January 9, 1873, when the following preamble and resolutions were passed unanimously :

Whereas, It has been proposed that the several printing-offices in the United States give one or more pounds of old type for the purpose of making a statue of Horace Greeley, to be erected in the lot in Greenwood where his remains are interred ; and

Whereas, Type-metal is specially adapted to reproduce sharp and definite outlines, and peculiarly fitted to speak in the mute form of an image to those who, in after years, visit his resting-place, as it did beneath the training of his hand, and the grandeur of his brain, and the largeness of his heart ; therefore,

Resolved, That we approve of the idea of erecting a statue of Horace Greeley in Greenwood, made of type-metal which has been cast into type and worn out in the service of teaching the people ; and further, be it

Resolved, That we ask of our fellow-craftsmen (many of whom, now scattered over the country, have, like ourselves, either worked with or for him during the forty years gone by) to set up on Monday, February 3, 1873, the 62d anniversary of Mr. Greeley's birth, one thousand ems, and give the receipts for the same to be expended in making and erecting the statue. The money to be forwarded to the President of New-York Typographical Union, No. 6, 22 Duane street, New-York City, of which Union Mr. Greeley was the first President.

Resolved, That the above preamble and resolutions be given to the press of the United States, with a request that they be printed and circulated as widely as possible.

At a special meeting of New-York Typographical Union, No. 6, held on Tuesday evening, January 14, the above preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted. It was also

Resolved, That a committee of nine, together with the President and Secretary of this Union, be appointed to carry out the objects of the above resolutions.

W. A. Baker, J. Meyerhoff, A. Walsh, R. McKechnie, James Marsden, John O'Mahoney, R. Murray, J. Stevenson, P. Crean, and the President (Hugh Dalton) and Secretary (M. R. Walsh) of the Union were appointed a committee in accordance with the foregoing resolutions.

On the 3d of February—the birthday anniversary—the compositors in most of the newspaper offices in the large cities, and also in several of the small country offices, set a thousand ems each, and sent the money for the same to the President of the New-York Union.

The result of this first effort was a sufficiency of old type to make a life-size statue of Mr. Greeley, but the receipts in money were far below the sum necessary to secure the services of a sculptor to prepare a model. In order to increase the fund, the Chairman of the Committee sent a circular to the Presidents of the several Unions asking for further contributions, and one also to the proprietors of printing-offices in the principal cities of the country. The response to these appeals was a very small increase of the fund.

The project then remained in abeyance for more than a year.

At the International Typographical Convention held in St. Louis, Mo., in June, 1874, the following preamble and resolutions were passed unanimously:

Whereas, Over a year ago an appeal was made through the New-York Typographical Union to the craft all over the country for a subscription to erect a monument over the grave of Horace Greeley; and

Whereas, A sufficient sum has not been received to undertake the work; therefore,

Resolved, That a special committee of thirteen be appointed by this International Union to receive contributions for the furtherance of the proposed monument to the late Horace Greeley.

The following committee was appointed:

THOMAS BURKE, New-York.

J. S. COULTER, Leavenworth, Kansas.

A. J. WEINSHEIMER, Davenport, Iowa.

A. W. BROWNELL, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN COFFIN, Washington, D. C.

J. H. O'BANNON, Richmond, Va.

HOMER BLISS, Norwich, Conn.

J. H. KELLY, Detroit, Mich.

J. M. CULVER, Denver, Col.

M. B. MILLS, Chicago, Ill.

GEO. W. WALKER, Albany, N. Y.

W. J. SMITH, Vicksburg, Miss.

JAS. C. BIRDSONG, Raleigh, N. C.

Each committeeman was requested to act for a certain section of country. Several of them worked with great zeal and added somewhat to the fund; but as the result, on the whole, was inadequate, the Chairman began to issue a letter to every printing-office in the United States, in which it was stated that "one dollar from each printing-office in the country, with the amount already on hand, would more than suffice to pay for the work. Any money sent to Edmond Willson, Cashier American Exchange National Bank (who acts as treasurer of the fund), will be duly acknowledged." After mailing about a thousand copies, and finding the remittances were meager, he stopped sending it. He also sent a circular to several employers in the printing business, or

connected with it as type-founders, press-makers, etc., asking them to aid the work by a subscription, and their response was very encouraging.

About this time it became apparent that the "men at case" would not furnish the requisite sum of money to pay for the monument. To prevent the movement becoming a failure, the Chairman of the Committee sent an invitation to about a dozen of the prominent employing printers and type-founders in New-York to meet at "the office of Baker & Godwin, 25 Park Row, on Monday, November 30, 1874, at one o'clock, for the purpose of having a consultation about the best means of increasing the fund in the hands of the journeymen printers to the amount necessary to place a statue of the late Horace Greeley in Greenwood Cemetery."

In response to this invitation most of these gentlemen attended the meeting. Charles C. Savage was called to the chair, and William W. Pasko appointed Secretary. Thomas Burke, Chairman of the International Typographical Union Committee, after thanking the gentlemen for the promptness with which they testified by their presence the interest they took in the movement to honor the memory of the late Horace Greeley, made a full statement of the condition of the fund, and the progress made toward erecting a type-metal statue. From what could be learned, type-metal would not be a lasting monument. He was, therefore, in favor of substituting bronze. He also said that the hard times which had set in since the movement was begun would make it uphill work for the Union printers to complete the memorial unaided, and, therefore, they looked to their natural allies—their employers—to help to make it a success. It would be appropriate to have the employer and employed joining hands to honor a worthy craftsman. With such united strength, success was certain, and that very soon.

After listening to the statement of Mr. Burke, the meeting devoted some time to a free exchange of views in regard to the feasibility of the project. It was then resolved to organize a Board of Trustees, to be entitled "The Trustees of the Printers' Greeley Memorial," with Thurlow Weed as President, Peter S. Hoe as Treasurer, and William W. Pasko as Secretary.

At the next meeting the following were appointed an *Executive Committee*:—DANIEL GODWIN, THOMAS N. ROOKER, and LEWIS FRANCIS.

And the following a

Committee on Construction:—THOMAS BURKE, LEWIS FRANCIS, and THEODORE L. DE VINNE.

It was decided that the memorial should be a bronze bust of heroic size, draped, set on a granite base and pedestal, with bronze bass-reliefs on the panels. The Committee on Construction received designs from several artists for the proposed monument, which were exhibited to the Board, and those of Charles Calverley (the sculptor of the bust of John Brown in the Union League Club) were adopted by the Board. The Committee was directed to engage Mr. Calverley to model the bust and tablets. The Committee was also ordered to invite bids for the erection of the base and pedestal, and it was empowered to contract for the faithful execution and construction of the same. At a subsequent meeting the Committee was given power to have a granite coping erected around the lot, which is a circle of twenty-seven feet diameter.

At a meeting of the Board in January, 1875, the Secretary was instructed to have the following letter printed for circulation among the friends of the movement:

MEMORIAL MONUMENT TO HORACE GREELEY.

The Trustees of the Printers' Greeley Memorial respectfully announce to the printers of the nation and all friends favoring the movement, that they are now prepared to receive contributions to the fund, and can definitely say that the erection of an appropriate Monument to the Memory of Horace Greeley is assured. The Trustees feel it will be a pleasure for many, both in and out of the Craft, to contribute in aid of this commendable object. For many years Horace Greeley has been regarded as one of the leaders in the art, and many of the improvements now familiar to us are owing to his suggestions. Those who knew him personally will need no reminder.

Checks should be made payable to the order of PETER S. HOE, Esq., Treasurer.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

THURLOW WEED.

PETER S. HOE, of R. Hoe & Co.

DANIEL GODWIN, of Baker and Godwin.

CHARLES C. SAVAGE, late Redfield & Savage.

LEWIS FRANCIS, of Francis & Loutrel.

THEODORE L. DE VINNE, of Francis Hart & Co.

THOMAS N. ROOKER, of New-York Tribune.

GEORGE P. ROWELL, Am. Newspaper Rep.

DOUGLAS TAYLOR, Printer and Com. of Jurors.

SINCLAIR TOUSEY, American News Co.

WILLIAM W. PASKO, of W. W. Pasko & Co.

ANDREW LITTLE, of Farmer, Little & Co.

THOMAS BURKE, Ch'n Int. Typ. Union Com.

WILLIAM H. BODWELL, Prest. Int. Typ. Union.

HUGH DALTON, Prest. N. Y. Typ. Union, No. 6.

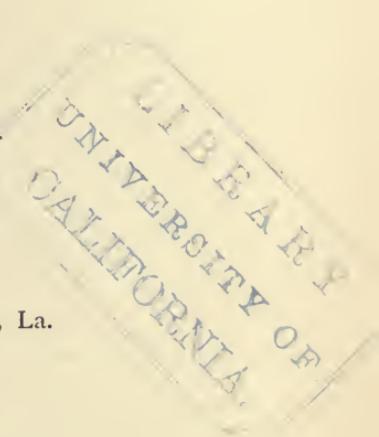
W. W. PASKO, Secretary. THURLOW WEED, President.

Meetings were held from time to time, at 25 Park Row, to receive reports on the progress of modeling, confirm contracts made by the Construction Committee, and promote the financial work of the Board. Subscriptions came in, principally from friends of the cause in New-York, and everything favored the erection of a suitable memorial. Much help was given the Board by the late John F. Cleveland, the brother-in-law of Mr. Greeley. One of the last acts of his life was to visit Greenwood, with some of the members of the Committee.

Thomas Burke, Chairman of Committee, reported progress at the session of the International Union held in Boston in June, 1875.

He was continued as Chairman, with the following additional members of Committee :

D. P. WALLING, Cincinnati, Ohio.
HUGH DALTON, New-York.
WILLIAM MCGRATH, New-York.
WILLIAM H. BODWELL, New-York.
JAMES HARPER, Montreal, Can.
C. F. SHELDON, Kansas City, Mo.
D. F. HAYDEN, St. Louis, Mo.
J. R. WATSON, Louisville, Ky.
JOHN MCKENNA, Albany N. Y.
GEORGE G. COOPER, New Orleans, La.
H. W. WHEELER, Baltimore, Md.
A. DONATH, Washington, D. C.
A. H. MC LAUGHLIN, Chicago, Ill.
JAMES MURRAY, Hartford, Conn.
MRS. MARY A. DANIELSON, New-York.



The modeling of the bust was a slow process. The sculptor first made one life-size, and when it was approved by the Committee he began the larger one. In August, 1876, Mr. Calverley notified the Committee that the heroic size was ready for the inspection and criticism of the Trustees and their friends. The Committee visited the studio, made some suggestions, and after they were attended to, accepted the bust on behalf of the Board. The plaster models of the bust and tablets were sent to Philadelphia to be cast at the foundry of Robert Wood & Co.

Early in November, Mr. Calverley informed the Committee that the castings were finished, and would be shipped from Philadelphia on the 25th of that month. The base, pedestal and coping had been erected during the summer.

A meeting of the Board was held to make arrangements for the unveiling ceremonies, which were decided to be held

on Monday, December 4,—the anniversary of Mr. Greeley's burial. The following gentlemen were invited to participate on that occasion :

President—THURLOW WEED: Alternate, LEWIS FRANCIS.

Chaplain—EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D. D.

Presentation Address—WILLIAM H. BODWELL.

Poet—EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Orator—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Master of Ceremonies—CHARLES C. SAVAGE.

These invitations were accepted, although Dr. Chapin was unable to attend on account of ill health. Special invitations were sent to the daughters and relatives of Mr. Greeley, as well as to the public and prominent men of the country, which announced that—"The Printers and Journalists who planned the Monument to Horace Greeley respectfully invite you to be present at the Unveiling of the Colossal Bust in bronze over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, on Monday, the Fourth day of December, 1876, at half past one o'clock."

A platform was erected on the adjoining lots capable of seating several hundred people on camp-stools provided for the occasion.

The monument is in all twelve feet high. The base is of Quincy granite, and the pedestal and cap of a lighter colored granite from a Maine quarry. They are eight feet in height. On the eastern face of the pedestal is a bronze bass-relief, representing the youthful Greeley, composing-stick in hand at his case, and the artist has kept the face true to nature. On the opposite side is a bronze plate containing these words :

HORACE GREELEY,

BORN FEBRUARY 3, 1811,

DIED NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

FOUNDER OF

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

On the north panel of the pedestal is a rude plow, and on the opposite side a pen and scroll, both emblems cut in relief from the granite. The bust represents Mr. Greeley as he was in his prime, ten or fifteen years before his death. It is worked out on the scale of a ten-foot statue. The bust itself is four feet high—full heroic size. The whole monument is surrounded with a Quincy granite coping, twenty-seven feet in diameter. The monument cost about \$6,000.

Mr. Charles Calverley, of New-York, modeled the bust and tablets.

Messrs. Robert Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, did the casting of the bust and tablets.

Mr. Peter Nowlen, of Brooklyn, executed the stone-work for the monument.

Mr. Jacob S. Brown, of New-York, erected the granite coping around the lot.

UNVEILING THE BUST.

“THE monumental bust of Horace Greeley—a memorial planned by American printers and placed over his remains on Locust Hill, in the western part of Greenwood Cemetery—was unveiled on Monday afternoon, December 4, 1876. About 500 persons, many of whom had been intimately associated with Mr. Greeley, were present, and the exercises were singularly appropriate and impressive. William H. Bodwell, formerly President of the International Typographical Union, delivered the presentation address; E. C. Stedman read a poem which he had written for the occasion, and Bayard Taylor made an address of acceptance, commemorative of Mr. Greeley’s character and life.

“It had been feared that the day, which had been chosen because it was the anniversary of Mr. Greeley’s burial, would prove inclement, although it was as early in the season as

was practicable. But these forebodings were not borne out by events. The day was one of the most beautiful of winter, clear and cold in the morning, but warming with the sun until there was no sense of extreme cold. The hour fixed for unveiling was half past one, but long before that time many citizens had gathered at the platform, which had been erected on neighboring ground. It was estimated that nearly five hundred persons were present, many of whom had known Mr. Greeley during his life-time. Among them were Thurlow Weed, accompanied by his daughter and Charles O'Conor, Miss Gabrielle Greeley, Colonel Nicholas Smith and wife (formerly Miss Ida Greeley), Algernon S. Sullivan, Charles T. Congdon, Gordon L. Ford and family, Whitelaw Reid, Thomas C. Acton, Patrick O'Rourke, Edward A. Spring, Samuel Sinclair and daughter, Clarence Cook, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Joaquin Miller, Mrs. E. C. Stedman, Demas Barnes, General P. H. Jones, Mrs. John F. Cleveland and daughters, Thomas N. Rooker and wife, Mrs. William H. Bodwell, Mrs. Lewis Francis and Miss Francis, General F. E. Mather, John Mountain, Daniel Godwin, Theodore L. De Vinne, Douglas Taylor, Andrew Little, Thomas Burke, William W. Pasko, General D. E. Sickles, T. B. Carpenter, General Clinton B. Fisk, J. L. Farley, Charles Partridge, S. S. Packard, John L. Schenck, Joseph L. Toone, Charles Storrs, General E. A. Merritt, John W. Harman, Oliver Johnson, Samuel Orchard, J. S. T. Stranahan, Charles Rich, John H. Folk, Charles W. Stoddard, William White, John L. Nelson, E. A. J. Michel, Philip A. Fitzpatrick, Patrick O'Dea, Rev. Sylvester Malone, W. F. G. Shanks.

"Among the gathering; too, were several colored men who remembered the friend of their race, prominent among them being Louis Napoleon, recollected by all who ever visited the old Tribune office.

"There were many favorable criticisms of the artist's work as to its faithfulness in details, and the successful representation in bronze of the fineness of the flesh. Louis Napoleon, the old negro friend of Mr. Greeley, said, however, 'That 's put thar for him, and it 'll do; but it is n't Mr. Greeley, 'cordin' to my recollection. They 've got everything thar excep'n that ole care-look of hisn.' "

At 2 o'clock, C. C. Savage, a trustee of the monument fund and Master of Ceremonies, in calling the assembly to order, said :

The day and the hour to begin the memorial services to our honored craftsman, Horace Greeley, have now arrived. Our worthy president, the Hon. Thurlow Weed, who expected to preside to-day, is with us, but informs me that his health makes it inadvisable for him to do so. He therefore requests another of our trustees, Lewis Francis, to act in his stead.

Mr. Francis, in accepting this position, said :

I thank you, gentlemen, for the honor conferred upon me. I do not think I will detain you with any remarks, for our programme is long enough in view of the fact that these exercises are in the open air. The Rev. Dr. Chapin, who was to have offered prayer, sends his regrets that the state of his health will not permit him to be present with us, and we therefore, rather than detain you, begin the exercises. I will ask Mr. Bodwell to deliver the presentation address.

Mr. Francis then introduced William H. Bodwell, late President of the International Typographical Union, who delivered the following address :

Mr. Chairman :

It has been thought advisable that a representative of the united practical printers of the country—with whom the project to erect this memorial originated—should be selected to present it to the public. When it is remembered that Mr. Greeley was among the very first in this country to move in the matter of organizing Printers' Unions, and was the first President of the New-York Typographical Union, it is

perhaps well that this should be so. When the death of Mr. Greeley fell like a pall upon the nation, the working printers, looking upon him as the grandest and most eminent representative of their craft that this country has yet produced, immediately initiated steps looking to the erection of some suitable memorial to testify their admiration and respect for the great Printer. At first it was proposed to erect a statue to be composed of type-metal, but that material was soon found to be of too perishable a nature, and the plan was changed. This necessitated the raising of a larger amount of money, and for a time it seemed as though the project was in danger of failing. But at this juncture the printers remembered that while they justly looked upon Mr. Greeley as the leading representative of their craft, yet his life-work had been given for the benefit of all classes and conditions of people, many of whom would be glad of an opportunity to join with them in erecting this memorial. The subject was mentioned to a few employing printers and other friends of Mr. Greeley, and the response was quick and liberal; abundant assistance was given, and the result is before you to-day. This is as it should be, and as I doubt not the great Editor himself would have desired it, for he was no believer in class distinctions. Writing upon this subject, when at the very zenith of his usefulness and influence, he said :

"I do not with many others divide the community into two diverse, sharply discriminated classes, antagonized as producers and consumers respectively. In my conception all who are of any account are both producers and consumers, with substantially identical interests, suffering by each other's misfortunes, and prospering through each other's prosperity."

Therefore, Mr. Chairman, in behalf of the working and employing printers and those other gentlemen who have contributed to the erection of this memorial, I present this bust of Horace Greeley to that public for whose welfare he labored so long, so conscientiously, and so successfully; believing, as I do, that centuries after this granite shall have crumbled away, and the bronze shall have been beaten into a shapeless mass by the elements, the name of Horace Greeley will be cherished and reverenced wherever freedom has a home and the English language is spoken.

At the close of the presentation address, the bust, which had been draped with the American flag, was unveiled by the sculptor, Charles Calverley. The following poem was then read by E. C. Stedman :

UNVEILING THE BUST.

THE MONUMENT OF GREELEY.

Once more, dear mother Earth, we stand
In reverence where thy bounty gave
Our brother, yielded to thy hand,
The sweet protection of the grave !
Well hast thou soothed him through the years,
The years our love and sorrow number,—
And with thy smiles and with thy tears,
Made green and fair his place of slumber.

Thine be the keeping of that trust ;
And ours this image, born of Art
To shine above his hidden dust,
What time the sunrise breezes part
The trees, and with new light enwreathe
Yon head,—until the lips are golden,
And from them music seems to breathe
As from the desert statue olden.

Would it were so ! that now we might
Hear once his uttered voice again,
Or hold him present to our sight,
Nor reach with empty hands and vain !
Oh that from some far place were heard
One cadence of his speech returning—
A whispered tone, a single word,
Sent back in answer to our yearning !

It may not be ? What then the spark,
The essence which illumed the whole,
And made his living form its mark
And outward likeness ? What the soul
That warmed the heart and poised the head,
And spoke the thoughts we now inherit ?
Bright force of fire and ether bred,—
Where art thou now, elusive Spirit ?

Where, now, the sunburst of a love
Which blended still with sudden wrath
To nerve the righteous hand that strove,
And blaze in the oppressor's path ?

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Fair Earth, our dust is thine indeed !
 Too soon he reached the voiceless portal —
 That whither leads ? Where lies the mead
 He gained, and knew himself immortal ?

Or, tell us, on what distant star,
 Where even as here are toil and wrong,
 With strength renewed he lifts afar
 A voice of aid, a war-cry strong ?
 What fruit, this stern Olympiad past,
 Has that rich nature elsewhere yielded,
 What conquest gained and knowledge vast,
 What kindred beings loved and shielded ?

Why seek to know ? he little sought,
 Himself, to lift the close-drawn veil,
 Nor for his own salvation wrought
 And pleaded, ay, and wore his mail ;
 No selfish grasp of life, no fear,
 Won for mankind his ceaseless caring,
 But for themselves he held them dear —
 Their birth and shrouded exit sharing.

Not his the feverish wish to live
 A sunnier life, a longer space,
 Save that the Eternal Law might give
 The boon in common to his race.
 Earth, 't was thy heaven he loved, and best
 Thy precious offspring, man and woman,
 And labor for them seemed but rest
 To him, whose nature was so human.

Even here his spirit haply longed
 To stay, remembered by our kind,
 And where the haunts of men are thronged
 Move yet among them. Seek and find
 A presence, though his voice has ceased,
 Still, even where we dwell, remaining,
 With all its tenderest thrills increased
 And all it cared to ask obtaining.

List how the varied things that took
 The impress of his passion rare
 Make answer! To the roadways look,
 The watered vales, the hamlets fair.
 He walks unseen the living woods,
 The fields, the town, the shaded borough,
 And in the pastoral solitudes
 Delights to view the lengthening furrow.

The faithful East that cradled him,
 Still, while she deems her nursling sleeps,
 Sits by his couch with vision dim;
 The plenteous West his feast-day keeps;
 The wistful South recalls the ways
 Of one who in his love enwound her,
 And stayed her in the evil days,
 With arms of comfort thrown around her.

He lives wherever men to men
 In perilous hours his words repeat,
 Where clangs the forge, where glides the pen,
 Where toil and traffic crowd the street;
 And in whatever time or place
 Earth's purest souls their purpose strengthen,
 Down the broad pathway of our race
 The shadow of his name shall lengthen.

“Still with us!” all the liegemen cry
 Who read his heart and held him dear;
 The hills declare “He shall not die!”
 The prairies answer “He is here!”
 Immortal thus, no dread of fate
 Be ours, no vain *memento mori*:
 Life, Life, not Death, we consecrate,—
 A lasting presence touched with glory.

The star may vanish,—but a ray,
 Sent forth, what mandate can recall?
 The circling wave still keeps its way
 That marked a turret's seaward fall;

The least of music's uttered strains
 Is part of Nature's voice forever;
 And aye beyond the grave remains
 The great, the good man's high endeavor!

Well may the brooding Earth retake
 The form we knew, to be a part
 Of bloom and herbage, fern and brake,
 New lives that from her being start.
 Naught of the soul shall there remain:
 They came on void and darkness solely,
 Who the veiled Spirit sought in vain
 Within the temple's shrine Most Holy.

That, that, has found again the source
 From which itself to us was lent:
 The Power that, in perpetual course,
 Makes of the dust an instrument
 Supreme; the universal Soul;
 The current infinite and single,
 Wherein, as ages onward roll,
 Life, Thought and Will forever mingle.

What more is left, to keep *our* hold
 On him who was so true and strong?
 This semblance, raised above the mold
 With offerings meet of word and song,
 That men may teach, in aftertime,
 Their sons how goodness marked the features
 Of one whose life was made sublime
 By service for his brother creatures.

And last, and lordliest, his fame,—
 A station in the starry line
 Of heroes that have left a name
 Men conjure with,—a place divine,
 Since, in the world's eternal plan,
 Divinity itself is given,
 To him who lives or dies for Man,
 And looks within his soul for Heaven.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S ADDRESS.

Bayard Taylor, on rising to make the address of acceptance, was warmly applauded, and the marks of approval which interrupted and followed its delivery showed how cordially those present appreciated his estimate of Mr. Greeley. He spoke as follows :

Mr. Bodwell and Gentlemen :

As one who studied for two years in the only university at which Horace Greeley was graduated,—the composing-room of a printing-office,—and as his friend and associate for a quarter of a century, I have been called upon by the committee of journalists and printers to accept, on behalf of the people, this monumental bust. It is a fitting symbol of his life. It comes from the craft to which he belonged, and is received by the people for whom he thought, labored and endured. It restores to us who knew and loved him, and preserves for coming generations, the expression of his goodness and gentleness, no less than that of his intellectual power. His best ambition could have desired no more honorable memorial. Erected by printers to a printer, by workmen to a worker, by Americans to the representative of American honesty, independence and originality, this bronze could express no more though it were as huge as the Rhodian Apollo.

It is well that the completion of a monument to Horace Greeley should have been delayed until now. When he was laid to rest here, four years ago to-day, a sharper blast than that of the opening winter blew over his grave; but the misconceptions of his character have melted away as the snows from this mound, while fresh esteem and reverence have budded and blossomed above his tomb like the trees that shade it. The knowledge that thousands for whom and with whom he had labored for so many years—whose considerate respect, at least, he had a right to claim—were angrily alienated from him, cast a dark and tragic pall over the closing days of his life, and deepened the gloom which settled upon his empty place. But time swiftly repairs all injustice; and those few years which, let us hope, have planted permanent if unspoken regrets in many hearts, have already placed in clear historic light the manly honesty and unselfishness of his whole life. Men begin to see that the transparent candor of Horace Greeley's nature was a rare and precious virtue.

in a man wielding his influence. They begin to understand that his political course, from first to last, was determined by the operation of the same unchanging principles. When there was a choice between right, as he conceived it, and temporary popularity, he never hesitated. When he seemed to overlook or disregard the cautious steps and carefully selected means of other political leaders, it was simply because he saw the distant result so clearly. A far-sighted eye may sometimes mistake the perspective of events, yet it does not therefore see falsely. The clearness of Horace Greeley's vision arose from the fact that he understood, as few Americans have done, the temper and character of the people. He kept his feet in their paths, and compelled his brain to work on the level of their intelligence. He knew, better than they, how their moods were to change, and their opinions to be recast by circumstances. His mind was a marvel, in its knowledge of local characteristics, interests and influences, from one end of the country to the other. No success, no distinction, no possibility opened to him of more eminent fields of labor, ever interrupted the acquisition of that knowledge or lessened the sympathy which grew from it. The broad base and keen intellectual summit of our national life were thus equally incarnate in him. While his brain grew, his hand and heart kept their early habits. The experience of the man deepened and broadened, but the unsophisticated simplicity of the child remained. He was so naturally and inevitably good that his goodness almost failed to be reckoned as a virtue. With all the opportunities of development which he so conscientiously seized,—with all his wide and varied knowledge of life,—there were three things which he could never learn: to mistrust human nature, to refuse help whenever he could give it, and to disguise his honest opinions. He has been compared to Franklin; but, although he sometimes seemed to echo the economical philosophy of Poor Richard, he never succeeded in practicing its first maxim. Only those who stood nearest to him can truly know how his life was glorified by self-denial and self-sacrifice, by labor that never complained, and patience that never uttered itself in words.

The strong individuality of Horace Greeley was equally moral and intellectual, and the lasting influence of his life will be manifested in both directions. His memory does not depend upon separate acts or conspicuous expressions: it is based upon and embraces the entire scope of his activity, the total aim and effort of his life. He would have been the last of men to present himself as a special model for the imitation of his younger countrymen; but there are few who will now deny that this generation is better, more devoted to lofty prin-

ciples, less subservient to the dictation of party, wiser, more tolerant and more humane, because he has lived. Nothing worthier than this can be said of any man. When most men die, the ranks close, and the line moves forward without a visible gap; but hundreds of thousands miss, and long shall continue to miss, the courageous front of Horace Greeley. Like Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, his name is still called in the regiment of those who dare and do, for the sake of mankind, and the mournful answer comes: "Dead upon the field of honor!"

I should like to speak of his tenderness and generosity. I should like to explain the awkward devices of his heart to hide itself, knowing that the exhibition of feeling is unconventional, and sensitive lest its earnest impulses should be misconstrued. But the veil which he wore during life must not be lifted by the privilege which follows death: enough of light shines through it to reveal all that the world need know. To me his nature seemed like a fertile tract of the soil of his native New Hampshire. It was cleared and cultivated, and rich harvests clad its southern slopes; yet the rough primitive granite cropped out here and there, and there were dingles which defied the plow, where the sweet wild-flowers blossomed in their season and the wild-birds built their nests unharmed. In a word, he was a man who kept his life as God fashioned it for him, neither assuming a grace which was not bestowed, nor disguising a quality which asserted its existence.

A life like his cannot be lost. That sleepless intelligence is not extinguished, though the brain which was its implement is here slowly falling to dust; that helping and forbearing love continues, though the heart which it quickened is cold. He lives, not only in the mysterious realm where some purer and grander form of activity awaited him, but also as an imperishable influence in the people. Something of him has been absorbed into a multitude of other lives, and will be transmitted to their seed. His true monument is as broad as the land he served. This, which you have erected over his ashes, is the least memorial of his life. But it stands as he himself loved to stand, on a breezy knoll, where he could bathe his brow in the shadows of branches and listen to the music of their leaves. It looks to the city where he lived and labored. Commerce passes on yonder waters, and industry sends up her smokes in the distance. So may it stand for many a century, untouched by invasion from the sea, or civil strife from within the land,—teaching men, through its expressive lineaments, that success may be modest, that experience may be innocent, that power may be unselfish and pure!

At the conclusion of Mr. Taylor's address, the presiding officer stated that the Committee had received many letters from persons invited to be present, whose engagements had prevented their acceptance, but that in view of the discomfort of remaining longer in the open air he would not read them. At his request the Rev. Thomas Farrell of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, of this city, then closed the exercises with the following benediction :

Bless us, O Lord, who are here assembled to honor the memory and the virtues of thy great servant, and grant us strength, O Lord, to imitate his example and to labor for the benefit of our fellow-creatures and our beloved country.

THE LETTERS FROM PERSONS ABSENT.

FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oak Knoll, Danvers, 11th mo. 28, 1876.

Dear Friend :

I deeply regret that it is not in my power to be present at the unveiling of the bust of Horace Greeley at Greenwood Cemetery on the 4th of next month. But in spirit I shall be with you. I knew and loved Horace Greeley for more than a quarter of a century, a period embracing the most eventful years of our national life. While, in common with all men, I recognized his great intellectual endowments and literary achievements, I always felt that the man was greater even than his works. If his crystal purity and noble simplicity of character, his unselfish devotion to duty, his absolutely unsuspected integrity, his generous and unstinted sympathy for the poor and oppressed, and his world-embracing love of liberty, do not entitle him to all that bronze or marble can express of the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen, I know of no one in all our history who deserves a place in the nation's pantheon.

I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FROM JOHN MCVICAR.

International Typographical Union, Office of the President, }
Detroit, Michigan, November 28, 1876. }

My dear Bodwell:

Yours of the 20th, with invitation to be present at the unveiling of the bronze bust of the late Horace Greeley, is received. Yourself and our friends could not possibly be more pleased to have me present on the occasion than I should be glad to be there. From boyhood upward I have been an admirer of "the philosopher of Spruce street," that sincere admiration never flagging for an instant to the present time, and never stronger than now. I considered him the grandest representative of the printer and journalist this country has ever produced; and though his heart may have been considered by some all too large—too capable and too ready to infold the sorrows of a large portion of his countrymen in its great sympathy—to permit of his being classed as a statesman, I have ever believed it was an honest heart directed by an honest head. All I could say in praise of Horace Greeley, or all the honors we as printers may endeavor to heap upon his memory, in any form, I consider but a drop in the ocean of his merits. But I am sorry to say that, disposed as I might be to attend the ceremonies proposed to be held at Greenwood on the 4th proximo, matters of business make it imperative that I should not be absent from home during the first half of December; consequently, I must respectfully but regretfully decline the invitation and the honor. My heart will be with you, however, and it is my earnest hope that a day of pleasant weather may be vouchsafed for the proposed ceremonies, and that all who attend may be fully imbued with the feeling that he in honor of whose memory such ceremony is being performed fully merited in life the deep respect and reverence accorded him dead.

Respectfully and fraternally yours,

JOHN MCVICAR.

FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

November 28, 1876.

Gentlemen:

Many thanks for the invitation with which you honor me to attend the unveiling of Greeley's bust. Engagements elsewhere prevent my coming to New-York that day to aid in this tribute of respect to the great journalist.

Very respectfully,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

FROM THOMAS MACHELLAR.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1876.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your circular of 20th instant, conveying an invitation to be present at the unveiling of the colossal bronze bust of the late Horace Greeley, and I beg the committee to accept my thanks for the compliment. If the condition of my health be favorable I shall be happy to attend a ceremony in honor of so noble a man. When I was a printer-boy in New-York, I sent anonymously my first literary effort to Mr. Greeley, and to my great gratification and surprise he published it as written. This little incident, so flattering to boyhood, fixed my regard for him; and although I have never had a word of speech directly with him, all his life long he seemed to be a personal acquaintance of mine, in whose career I had a deep interest. He was not a perfect man; he had his peculiar whimsies; but, take him altogether, he may well and fittingly be ranked among the grandest men of our country. His deservings go beyond even the honor that we propose to render, for there are many aspects of his character that should be kept in living remembrance among men—young men in especial. Printers and journalists honor themselves in honoring the master printer and journalist of the age.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS MACHELLAR.

FROM GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

West New Brighton, Staten Island, December 2, 1876.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for the invitation to be present at the unveiling of the bust of Mr. Greeley. My only service upon the daily press was long ago upon The Tribune, when Mr. Greeley was editor, and however we may have differed in later years, I never lost the pleasant and kindly remembrance of him which all his associates in The Tribune of that time must retain. I regret sincerely, therefore, that it is impossible for me to join personally in the proposed tribute to an editor who long exercised so great and beneficent an influence upon the public opinion of his country.

Truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, November 28, 1876.

Dear Sir :

I regret that I am to be absent on Monday, the 4th of December, and cannot join those who hold Mr. Greeley's memory in deserved honor, in the act of unveiling the bust placed over his grave. Few men need so little as he to have their memory perpetuated in marble or in bronze. In a profession which is already rich in eminent names, Mr. Greeley stands among the very first, for knowledge, for sagacity and for pre-eminent personal and professional integrity. He lived in a momentous period of American history, and gave his whole soul to those truths and influences which are to shape the future of this Republican Empire. His name will always be associated with the cause of popular education, of industrial enterprise, of universal liberty, and of those great institutions which make liberty safe and wholesome.

Truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FROM THE HON. ROSCOE CONKLING.

Utica, N. Y., November 25, 1876.

My dear Sir :

I have the honor to acknowledge your invitation to be present on the 4th of December at Greenwood Cemetery, when the colossal bust of Horace Greeley is to be unveiled. The printers and journalists have done honor to themselves by adopting a lasting mode to memorize and perpetuate the individuality of one of the most remarkable men of their profession, and I should deem it a privilege to engage with them in the observances proposed. The day appointed, however, is that on which Congress is to assemble, and duty requires me to be in my seat in the Senate. I am constrained, therefore, to deny myself the opportunity to do more than to express my warm interest in the occasion, and my hope that it will in all respects be satisfactory.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

FROM JOHN W. FORNEY.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1876.

My dear Sir:

I thank you sincerely for your invitation to be present at the unveiling of the colossal bust in bronze over the grave of Horace Greeley on Monday, the 4th day of December next, and I hope I need not say to my brother printers and journalists that I will be present unless unavoidably detained. More than forty years ago, while I was an apprentice, long before I rose to the dignity of compositor, I learned to honor Horace Greeley, and during all the succeeding seas and storms of party differences down to the hour of his death, I followed his star as my best ideal of practical journalism.

Very truly yours,

J. W. FORNEY.

FROM GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1876.

Gentlemen:

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the unveiling of the colossal bronze bust of Horace Greeley, designed and contributed by printers and journalists as a token of their affection and of the high regard in which they hold the memory of their famous colleague.

The printers and journalists who have planned and contributed to this memorial have honored themselves by the honor they thus pay to the memory of Mr. Greeley, who as printer and journalist was master of his craft and profession, from his composing-stick to the editorial chair of the important and powerful newspaper he established, and upon which he indelibly impressed his individuality. He made that newspaper a monument of what can be accomplished in journalism by one able man when gifted with the spirit of industry, indomitable devotion to business, and unswerving journalistic independence.

Many of those who knew him well, and who hold his character and journalistic genius in the highest estimation, will doubtless be gathered about his grave on the occasion of the ceremony to which you invite me, and I would like to be among them, but fear that other demands upon me will deprive me of the opportunity to join them on that occasion.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

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LETTERS AND TRIBUTES.

FROM CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE.

Washington, November 30, 1876.

Dear Sir:

My official engagements are such as to make it quite impossible for me to accept the invitation you have been so good as to extend me to be present at the unveiling of the colossal bust over the grave of Mr. Greeley on Monday next.

Whatever else may be said of Mr. Greeley, he was honest to his calling and true to his convictions. It would give me the greatest pleasure, therefore, to unite, if I could, with the printers and journalists in consecrating this work of their love to the memory of one of the greatest of their number.

Yours, very truly,

M. R. WAITE.

FROM W. D. HOWELLS.

Cambridge, Mass., November 29, 1876.

Dear Sir:

It is with great regret I find myself unable to be present at the unveiling of the bust of Horace Greeley on Monday next. As a printer and a journalist I share the satisfaction which all printers and journalists must feel in the career of a man who honored their calling by his unselfish devotion through life to high principles and to every generous hope of human advancement, and who never forgot that it is the great duty and privilege of a self-made man to help other men make themselves wiser, kinder, and better. Thanking you for the honor of your invitation,

I am, very respectfully, yours,

W. D. HOWELLS.

Letters were also received from the following, regretting their inability to be present at the unveiling:

Gov. Hayes of Ohio, the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, the Hon. Hamilton Fish, the Hon. E. D. Morgan, Mr. W. C. Bryant, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, the Hon. Francis Kernan, Mr. A. M. Clapp, Mr. S. H. Wales, Postmaster James, Mr. Murat Halstead, Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, and others.

A REMINISCENCE.

Burlington, N. J., April 10, 1876.

Dear Mr. Burke:

Yours of the 4th instant was duly received. * * * I remember, as though it were yesterday, that being one day in want of more compositors, I mentioned the fact to some of the hands in the office, who I knew were boarding in places where there were other compositors, and, after dinner, one of my men, named Seymour, who boarded in Chatham street, brought in Greeley. I was busy at one of the cases overlooking a troublesome make-up, when Seymour came up to me and said he had brought in a compositor. He stood in front of me, and Greeley was some distance behind me. I turned around and saw what appeared to be a boy of seventeen, flaxen-haired, hat on the back of his head, fustian pants which hardly came down to the tops of his boots; in short, the traditional Yankee of the stage. I said to Seymour: "Is that a compositor?" "Yes," said Seymour; "he is a queer-looking fellow, but they say he is a good workman." I was much in want of hands, and, with little faith in the experiment, gave him a case and copy. I was not a little surprised to find, when the week's bills were made up, that, where other compositors on the same work would make eight and nine dollars a week, Greeley would make twelve. (In those days compositors got only twenty-five cents per thousand.) It is against all rules, you know, in book offices to talk so as to disturb other workmen. Greeley's tongue was running all the time. There was no such thing as stopping it. Politics was the theme generally. It was in 1833, I think. General Jackson had just entered upon his second term as President, to whom Greeley was bitterly opposed. Greeley's most striking peculiarities were his manner of dress—his utter disregard of all the usual forms of wearing any article of costume, and his habit of talking all the time. I remember, one day, one of the compositors asking him if he hadn't a patent talking machine in his throat.

Yours truly,

J. S. REDFIELD.

[From The Tribune, Dec. 2, 1876.]

THE PRINTER.

ON Monday next the bust of Mr. Greeley, contributed by practical American printers, will be placed, with appropriate exercises, above his tomb. Such a testimony of respect, pride, and affection would be extremely congenial to his taste and sentiments, if he were yet with us,

and the honor had been deservedly accorded to another. No man could be prouder of his original profession. Long after he had abandoned its active exercise he showed in a hundred familiar ways his attachment and his abiding sense of its importance, dignity, and usefulness. He was fastidious in his idea of good work, and never very tolerant of botchers or of blunderers. Any grave mistake in typographical composition or arrangement, any flagrantly bad proof-reading or press-work, any inferiority of the materials used, always sorely tried his patience and not seldom got the better of it. He had his own opinion of the shape in which matter should be set, and expected his workmen to conform to it. It has been said of punctuation that its main service is clearly to present the thought of the writer, but Mr. Greeley insisted upon such an arrangement of all the types as would most strikingly present opinions, and especially the facts upon which they were based. He never managed any journal upon the physiognomy of which he did not impress visible tokens of his typographical taste. These are most remarkable in the paper which he first printed—*The New-Yorker*, then in *The Log Cabin*, subsequently in *The Tribune Almanac*; while *The Tribune* itself still preserves many peculiarities of arrangement which it received from its founder. The practical printer, about whose shabby coat his rivals could never be sufficiently merry, was almost foppish in his captions, his distribution of paragraphs, his use of numerical figures and of capitals, his employment of italics and full-face letter. We do not believe that Aldus the Elder, or Baskerville, neither of whom was a working printer educated to the business, was nicer than Mr. Greeley in his ideal of a handsome form. Scholar in many branches of learning, and statesman by habit as he was, unlike many of the early printers so called, he was mechanically skilled in all the branches of the trade—in press-work, composition, making up, and proof-reading. He must rank with Plantin and his sons-in-law, with Franklin, and with the Didots.

Indeed, it was probably to his first profession that he owed his success as a public man and a man of letters—at least, the peculiar and distinguished career which has inseparably connected his name with American history. All might have been different if, instead of remaining to learn the art and mystery of printing in the little office at East Poultney, Vt., he had followed the hard fortunes of his father and become a tiller of the soil in Pennsylvania. “A word from my mother,” he said afterward, “at the critical moment, might have overcome my resolution; but she did not speak it, and I went my way.” He passed through the drudgery of his apprenticeship amid the squalor and confusion of an ill-arranged printing-office, the very place in

which such confusion always becomes worse confounded. His hands were blistered, his back was lamed by working the old-fashioned two-pull Ramage press, a machine which, we suspect, has sent many promising printers to early graves. Still he worked on, reading or debating political questions during his spare hours, intensely interested in political contests, and gradually acquiring that thorough knowledge of public men and of public affairs which was hereafter to distinguish him. Employment failed at last in Poultney, and successively in other country offices in which it had been obtained. "I would gladly," he subsequently wrote, "have given faithful labor at case and press through some years yet for \$15 per month and board; but it was not to be had." New-York was to be tried; and the young country printer made his slow journey by the canal toward that city of refuge from enforced idleness and starvation. It would hardly be safe to say that if Mr. Greeley had remained in the office of *The Erie Gazette* he would never have been heard of in politics, for Mr. Sterrett, the publisher of that journal, himself became a State Senator of Pennsylvania. But to New-York, by a natural impulse, the ambitious young man gravitated, and in New-York his remaining days were passed. He came here, twenty years old, with ten dollars in his pocket (to use his own words), "a decent knowledge of so much of the art of printing as a boy will usually learn in the office of a country newspaper," and "with his personal estate tied up in a pocket-handkerchief." Then the search for work began. Mr. David Hale bluntly ordered him out of the office of *The Journal of Commerce*, presuming him to be a runaway apprentice; but finally he found a place in the office of Mr. West, in Chatham street, and work in the composition of a 32mo. New Testament, agate—the most difficult composition, on account of the references, which he had ever undertaken.

The remainder of the story has often enough been told by others, admirably by himself, and it need not be here repeated. He was a printer; he was in New-York; and his newspaper enterprises, culminating in the establishment of *The Tribune*, followed almost as a matter of course. He was a master of his business. He was thoroughly enamored of hard work. He could live with the frugality of an anchorite. He was burned out; his New-Yorker newspaper only plunged him deeper and deeper in debt, which he abhorred; but he struggled on, wasted neither time nor money; was fortunate in making friends, as such men usually are; became acquainted with the great people who gathered at Albany ostensibly to enact our laws or administer them; and so his life was always a life of progress, until he did such yeoman service for the Whigs in his Log Cabin, with its

circulation of 80,000 copies, that his importance and ability as a political editor became thoroughly well known, and, "incited by several Whig friends," he printed on the 10th of April, 1841, the first number of *The Tribune*. He felt "that the right sort of a cheap Whig journal would be enabled to live." He printed 5,000 copies and "nearly succeeded in giving away all of them that would not sell." He had achieved his stand-point—how worthily and devotedly he held it we need not say. To the last he loved the printing-office and the printing-office loved him. He kept those whom he employed well to their business; he preferred to have his printers intelligent, assiduous, and of steady habits, and those who fortunately united these qualifications were sure of his countenance, and of his assistance in days of adversity. When special demands were made upon the composing-room, occasioned by a "rush" of "matter," he not seldom encouraged the "hands" by his personal presence, and joined with them in a hasty lunch spread upon the "stone," seasoning the meal with many a cheerful jest, and sending them back to their cases refreshed and encouraged. The craft everywhere regarded him as its shining light, proudly joining his name with that of Franklin; and when the long procession followed him on his way to his last rest at Greenwood, no mourners were more sincere than those who had so often, from his crabbed and difficult copy, put his words of wisdom into type, and so dispersed them broadcast over the whole country. On Monday next they will pay their last outward tribute to his memory; but from generation to generation of printers his name will be handed down as that of one who well knew and worthily practiced the Art of Printing.

[From *The Tribune* of Tuesday, Dec. 5, 1876.]

THE PRINTER'S MONUMENT.

FOUR years ago yesterday the people of New-York voluntarily accorded to Mr. Greeley the honors of a public funeral. No official sanction, no elaborate preparation was required, but spontaneously from all ranks and conditions of men came the multitude which followed the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the statesman to his resting-place. Yesterday the occasion was simpler, but no one present will admit that it was less impressive. The day was clear, the winter sky was brilliant; and as the old friends of the journalist gathered once more about his grave, their affectionate memories seemed to bring back for an hour the warmth and color of the

departed summer. Far away the magnificent panorama of the landscape was fitly marked by the towers and roofs of the great city which suggested his "busy life," his tireless industry, and the humanity, toil-worn and troubled, for whose release from conventional impediments he so assiduously worked and thought, and was always writing and printing and speaking. It was fitting that those who knew him best and loved him best should make this pilgrimage to his twice-honored grave. The gathering was large enough to show in how many hearts he is freshly remembered. There were old men, some of them the earliest of his friends, and others whose presence proved that death assuages all resentments. There were those who had labored under his direction, and who can never forget the lessons which he taught them; while of the many hundreds who were there we may safely say that there was not one who did not recall Horace Greeley with a sentiment of affection and regret.

The exercises of the occasion were simple, and in keeping with the character of the man who was thus honored. The poem of Mr. Stedman was of a kind which Mr. Greeley would have liked, nor would he have asked for any higher eulogium than that his "life was made sublime, by service for his brother creature." A manly, honest elegy, with its sincerity visible in every line, it hardly needed the poetical graces with which it was abundantly supplied. And what is true of the poem is equally true of the short, compact and vigorous oration of Mr. Bayard Taylor, in which everything proper to be said at such a time was said simply and earnestly. A noble opportunity was afforded of enforcing the truth that "time swiftly repairs all injustice," and Mr. Taylor well improved it. In some respects the character of Mr. Greeley, so often delineated, has never before been so judiciously presented; and especially may be noted the point that "he understood as few Americans have done the temper and character of the American people." This was the key-note of Mr. Taylor's address, and the thought affords a test by which the intellect and achievement of Mr. Greeley may be best tried and found most surely not to be wanting.

Thus passed an occasion exceedingly gratifying to all who still cherish Mr. Greeley's memory. It was pleasant to them to see assisting by their presence, not only the young who may so safely in the conduct of life follow his excellent example, but the venerable editor, like Mr. Weed, and the venerable lawyer, like Mr. Charles O'Conor. It was equally pleasant to see so many men and women of letters improving this opportunity of showing how much they honored one who through native taste and resolute endeavor won a

distinguished place within their ranks. Everything tended to show the permanent nature of Mr. Greeley's good name and fame. Death, which dims so summarily so many brilliant reputations, has only rendered his the brighter; and it was the thought of more than one of those who yesterday retraced their way from Greenwood to the city, that this honored memory has passed permanently into history. The printers have shown both good taste and honorable feeling in the erection of this monument; but long after the processes of nature have mellowed the bronze into a soberer antiquity, the life and career of Horace Greeley will afford a shining example, which those who toil intellectually or manually may equally follow with encouragement and profit.

THE MONUMENT TO GREELEY.

THE bust, unveiled yesterday, which has been very carefully and conscientiously modeled by Mr. Calverley, is of colossal size, and cast in the most enduring bronze. It represents Horace Greeley as he appeared during the last three or four years of his life, fresh and alert in all his faculties, in spite of his age and unremitting labors. The likeness is excellent, although from the position of the monument, on a detached knoll, it is rather difficult to find a good point of view. It ought properly to be seen on a level, yet it can only be seen from below, or in a profile, so near as to take away something of its character. The expression is that of the cheerful, kindly attention which the friends of Horace Greeley remember so well in his face, while he was half listening and half meditating his reply. The slight lift of the eyebrows is very characteristic of him, and the modeling of the lips gives that suggestion of a coming smile which his mouth frequently wore in repose. The largeness, fullness, and beautiful symmetry of the head are very accurately reproduced. It is an entirely honest and satisfactory work, and the printers of the country have thus been fortunate in every sense,—in the achievement of their honorable design and the selection of the artist to whom its most important feature has been intrusted. The likeness to the original is most distinct, and the character of the features most apparent, from a point about half-way up the knoll, and a little to the right of the approach to the vault. The monument is beautifully enframed by trees, and promises to have a fitting background of foliage in the summer time.

[NOTE.—It was intended to insert here the names of the subscribers to the Monument Fund, which number about three thousand two hundred, but a correct list cannot be obtained. The subscriptions were spread over a period of four years; some of the earlier lists have been lost, and in several instances money was received unaccompanied by the names of subscribers. The Committee has, therefore, decided not to print an *imperfect* list of names.]

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